7F24

"STARK RAVING DAD"

By Al Jean & Mike Reiss

ACT ONE

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - 6 A.M.

BART lies sprawled on his bed, asleep. WIDEN to see LISA, in her pj's, beside the bed looking down at him.

LISA

(SOFTLY) Bart... Bart... Hey, Bart.

No response. Lisa shakes him but he does not stir. Finally, she holds his nose closed with her fingers. After a beat, Bart springs up in bed, **GASPING** for air.

BART *

(GROGGY) Lisa? What time is it?

(ALARMED) Something's wrong!

(GUESSING) Dad died!

LISA

No, no. He's fine.

BART

Well, what do you know? I'm relieved.

LISA

Bart, my birthday is in two days. I'm going to be eight years old. It's a big number -- almost double digits.

BART

Well, enjoy it while you can. Everything changes when you hit the big one-oh. Your legs start to go... candy doesn't taste as good anymore --

RECEIVED
JAN 29 1991
DON R. BAY

LISA

Bart, will you please let me pour my little heart out?

BART

Sorry, this old timer does ramble on sometimes, don't he?

LISA

Bart, I have very few people in my life who truly seem to care for me. I need an occasional sign from you that you too are aware that we have the same dubious genes coursing through our veins.

BART *

I don't have the time to give you occasional signs.

BART

Okay, okay!

Okay, okay. I'll get you some crappy present if you shut up.

LISA

Bart, I do so much for you and yet you have disappointed me on every one of my birthdays.

I've made things for you. You've never thanked me for them but, okay, we'll forget all that --

RECEIVED
JAN 29 1991
DON R. BAY

BART

Okay, it's done! I'm doing it!

Birthday gift coming your way!

LISA

(SWEETLY) Oh, thank you.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - BREAKFAST

MAGGIE is in her high chair. Bart is reading the back of a box of Frosted Krusty Flakes -- there is an ad for the "Krusty Hotline -- 1-909-O-U-KLOWN." *

MARGE

Bart, I want you to watch Maggie while

I get the laundry.

BART

(FROM BEHIND THE BOX) Can do.

MARGE picks up the laundry basket and heads for the laundry room. Bart immediately sneaks over to the phone and dials.

KRUSTY (V.O.)

Hi kids! You've reached the Krusty

Hotline. If you haven't asked your

parents' permission, naughty naughty!

But Krusty forgives you! Two dollars

for the first minute, fifty cents for

each additional minute. (LONG LAUGH

THAT DOESN'T STOP)

During Krusty's **LAUGH**, Maggie grabs the chain hanging down from the ceiling fan. She hoists herself out of the high chair and swings out of frame on the chain, like Tarzan -- Bart does not notice. Krusty finally concludes his long **LAUGH**.

KRUSTY (CONT'D V.O.)

(LAUGHS, THEN) Thanks for calling kids!

A new message every day.

MARGE (O.S.)

(SHOCKED) Maggie!

Marge has now entered with the laundry to find Maggie hanging from the blades of the ceiling fan. Marge gets her down.

MARGE

Bart, I asked you to watch your sister!

BART

I tried to stop her but she overpowered

me.

An angry Maggie **SPITS** her pacifier into Bart's face. HOMER runs in wearing pants, but bare-chested.

HOMER

(PANICKY) Who stole my shirt? Who

stole my shirt?

MARGE

I washed it.

HOMER

(WARMLY) Oh thank you, Marge, oh,

you're always so -- (SHRIEKS)

Marge has pulled his white shirt out of the basket -- it is now pink. Marge gives a puzzled **MURMUR**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SCARED) Marge, I can't wear a pink shirt to work. Everybody wears white shirts. If I wear a pink shirt, I won't be exactly like everyone else!

MARGE

Now Homer, don't panic. You have plenty of white shirts.

HOMER

Oh, gimme! Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!

Homer grabs the laundry basket, and frantically digs through it. He pulls out one pink shirt after another.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(FRANTIC) Oh no... Pink. Pink! PINK!

(SOBBING) It's all over, Marge. It's all over.

Marge regards a large pink pair of Homer's underwear.

MARGE

I don't know how this could have happened.

Bart reaches into the basket, pulls out a red baseball cap, and sets it jauntily on his head.

BART

Ah, my lucky red hat. Clean as a whistle!

HOMER

You! You did this to me!

Homer strangles Bart who **CHOKES**.

MARGE

Homer, please. No one's going to notice if you wear a pink shirt to work.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

We see a sea of white-shirted WORKERS entering the plant. In the midst of them is one pink shirt.

BURNS (V.O.)

Wait a minute, go back. Why is that man in pink?

WIDEN to see BURNS and SMITHERS are watching the workers on a color monitor. Smithers hits a button -- tape rewinds, then freeze-frames on the crowd. Smithers ZOOMS IN on Homer's unhappy face.

SMITHERS

Oh, that's Homer Simpson, sir. He's one of your boobs from Sector 7-G.

BURNS

Simpson, eh? Well, judging by his outlandish attire, he's some sort of free-thinking anarchist, an individual non-conformist. Smithers, bring me this latter day Sacco and Vanzetti.

SMITHERS

I'll call security, sir.

BURNS

Excellent. These color monitors have already paid for themselves.

INT. POWER PLANT - CORRIDOR

Homer walks down the hall. CO-WORKERS all **WHISPER**, point to him, and shake their heads. He enters the coffee room to see LENNY and CARL.

LENNY

Hey Homer, we saved you a doughnut.

CARL

It has pink frosting!

Carl holds up a pink doughnut. They **LAUGH**.

HOMER

Mmm, thanks -- It looks... (CATCHING ON) Hey, wait a minute! Just because I'm wearing a pink shirt, it doesn't mean I'm some kind of a... a pink doughnut-eater! (LICKING LIPS) Although it is tempting --

Homer grabs the doughnut as two burly SECURITY GUARDS enter.

GUARD #1

(SHARPLY) Drop that doughnut.

Guard #2 slips out of his jacket and covers Homer's shirt with it. They hustle Homer away.

INT. POWER PLANT - ROOM 101

Homer sits in a chair with the guards behind him. He is being grilled by Burns, Smithers and DR. MARVIN MONROE.

HOMER

(WHIMPERING) You don't understand... my son just threw his red hat in with the white laundry...

BURNS

All right, Comrade. If you are an American, what number did Peek-a-Boo Veach wear?

HOMER

Who?

BURNS

First baseman for the Cleveland Spiders! Take him away!

SMITHERS

You know, Mr. Burns, his body cavity search revealed nothing and we must have x-rayed him a hundred times. Maybe he's telling the truth.

BURNS

Or perhaps you two are in cahoots. Smithers, I seem to recall you had a penchant for bell-bottom trousers back in '79.

SMITHERS

Uh, sir, that was my costume from the plant production of H.M.S. Pinafore.

BURNS

Oh, yes, of course. Your spirited hornpipe stole the show, as I recall.. (RE HOMER) Now Doctor, what shall we do about our free wheeling fop over here?

MONROE

Well, Monty, it used to be that establishing a patient's sanity took weeks, sometimes months of tedious research. That's all changed, thanks to the "Marvin Monroe Take- Home Personality Test." Twenty simple questions that will determine just how crazy or (AIR QUOTES) meshuggenah, someone is.

Marvin Monroe hands Homer a questionnaire.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marge is at the mirror putting hairspray on her huge bouffant. The can **SPUTTERS** out and she puts it down next to a few other empties. She pulls a new can out of a drawer and **SPRAYS** when Homer enters with his questionnaire.

HOMER

Honey, do me a favor. Fill out this form.

MARGE

(READING) Homer, this is an intimate psychological profile. I can't fill this out for you.

HOMER *

All right, all right. (UNDER BREATH)

I'll get Lisa to do it.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa is writing at her desk. Homer **KNOCKS** and enters.

HOMER

Lisa, you like homework. Could you fill out this form for me?

LISA

Well, all right -- if you listen to the poem I just wrote.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT) O-kay.

LISA

(PASSIONATELY) I had a cat named Snowball --

She died, she died!

Mom said she was sleeping --

She lied, she lied!

Why oh why is my cat dead?

Couldn't that Chrysler hit me, instead?

(PAUSE, THEN)

I had a hamster named Snuffy --

He died, --

HOMER

No deal.

He leaves.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bart is looking at Homer's form. Homer lies on the couch.

BART

Dad, maybe you should do this.

HOMER

Son, it's no different than the time you voted for me. Remember that absentee ballot?

BART

Oh, yeah.

Homer turns on the TV. A Home Video HOST is talking to an audience. Homer reacts to each video.

HOST (V.O.)

Our $50,000 Home Video Finalists are:

"Man Breaking Hip."

SFX: BOWLING PINS

SFX: AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

HOMER

(LAUGHS)

HOST (V.O. CONT'D)

(CHUCKLING) "Dog on Fire." (DOG VOICE) Ruff! Anybody order a hot dog?

SFX: AUDIENCE LAUGHTER

HOMER

(LAUGHING UPROARIOUSLY) Look at him!

HOST (V.O. CONT'D)

And finally, "Baby With A Nail Gun."

SFX: NAIL GUN GOING INTO WALL - AUDIENCE "AWWW"

HOMER

Awww.

HOST (V.O. CONT'D)

Okay, it's time to cast your votes now.

HOMER

Dog on Fire! Dog on Fire!

Bart is looking at the test.

BART

Hey, Dad. (READING A QUESTION) "Do you hear voices?"

HOMER

Yes, I'm hearing one right now, while I'm trying to watch TV.

BART

(WRITING) Yes. (READING) "Are you quick to anger?"

HOMER

Bart! Shut up or I'll shut you up!

BART

(WRITING) Yes. (READING TO SELF) "Do you wet your pants?" Well, even the best of us has an occasional accident.

CLOSE UP - QUESTIONNAIRE

Bart writes "yes" to every question.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POWER PLANT - ROOM 101 - THE NEXT DAY

PULL BACK from the questionnaire to see Burns, Smithers and Marvin Monroe studying it. They shake their heads and CLUCK their tongues. Homer sits off in a corner.

HOMER

(HOPEFUL) So, did I pass?

BURNS

(CHUCKLES) No.

MONROE

Homer, I'm afraid you have a Monroe Meshuggenah Quotient, or M.M.Q. of 800 -- roughly equivalent to a rabid mole. I'm afraid we're going to have to have you committed.

HOMER

What?

MONROE

Ah, you no longer have to pretend to be normal.

HOMER

Well, that's a bit of a relief. Do I get sick --

Burns nods as a signal to GUARDS, who grab Homer and restrain him, as he SCREAMS.

EXT. "NEW BEDLAM -- REST HOME FOR THE EMOTIONALLY INTERESTING" - THAT AFTERNOON

An ambulance pulls up, siren BLARING.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - ADMITTING OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is flanked by two large ORDERLIES. He is seated, facing a PSYCHIATRIST, who gives him a Rorschach test, with black inkblots that vaguely resemble Homer's descriptions.

HOMER

The devil with his fly open.

PSYCHIATRIST

Right...

Next inkblot.

HOMER

Chicken a la king.

PSYCHIATRIST

Good...

The psychiatrist holds up the next inkblot -- it looks exactly like a silhouette of Bart.

HOMER

(LUNGING) Arrghh!

The orderlies restrain him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

This isn't fair! How can you tell who's sane and who's insane?

PSYCHIATRIST

Well, we have a very simple method.

He stamps Homer's hand "INSANE."

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

Whoever has that stamp on his hand is insane.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - HOMER'S CELL - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is thrown into a cell -- a spare dormitory style room with two cots. The door is **SLAMMED** and locked. Suddenly, from out of the shadows, comes Homer's CELLMATE, a huge, hulking, 300-pound white man. The cellmate speaks with Michael Jackson's voice.

"MICHAEL"

Hi. I'm Michael Jackson, from the Jacksons.

HOMER

I'm Homer Simpson, from the Simpsons.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. NEW BEDLAM - HOMER'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Homer is talking to his cellmate, who thinks he's Michael Jackson.

MICHAEL

I can't believe you've never heard of me.

HOMER

Well, too bad.

MICHAEL

Homer, I'm a very popular entertainer. US magazine called me the most famous man in the world.

HOMER

(COVERING) Oh, of course I've heard of you. I mean you'd have to be living under a rock not to know -- what'd you say your name was?

MICHAEL

Michael Jackson.

HOMER

Doesn't ring a bell.

MICHAEL	HOMER
(QUICKLY)	(QUICKLY)
Well, have you ever heard of MTV?	No.
The "Victory" Tour?	No.

MICHAEL HOMER

"Beat It?" No.

Motown? No.

MICHAEL

"Thriller?"

HOMER

What was that last one?

MICHAEL

"Thriller."

HOMER

Nope.

MICHAEL

Well, how about this? (SINGS) Billie Jean is not my lover / She's just a girl who says that I am the one / But the kid is not my son. Hee, hee, hee!

Michael goes into a moonwalk and ends with a big spin.

HOMER

Wow. How do you do that thing with your feet?

MICHAEL

The moonwalk?

HOMER

No, that thing with your feet.

Michael positions Homer to do the step. They stand side by side.

MICHAEL

Here look. Just raise your heel a bit and put a little pressure on the ball of your foot.

Michael and Homer start in the same position. Michael goes backwards, Homer goes forward.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MICHAEL

(LAUGHING) Hee hee hee...

Homer **CHUCKLES** along with him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You seem like a nice guy. Why'd they put you in here?

HOMER

(SOURLY) Because I wore a pink shirt.

MICHAEL

I understand. People thought I was crazy for the way I dressed.

HOMER

What'd you wear?

MICHAEL

One white glove, covered with rhinestones.

HOMER

(RUBBING FINGER OVER LIPS) Bbl--bbl--bbl--bbl--

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Bart and Lisa are watching TV. ON SCREEN we see the Itchy and Scratchy logo, followed by a title card: "Bang The Cat Slowly."

ON TV

Itchy and Scratchy wear conical party hats. We see balloons and a "Happy Birthday Scratchy" banner. Itchy puts a lit bomb in a box, then uses Scratchy's tongue for a ribbon, wrapping it around the box and tying it into a bow. Scratchy retracts his tongue, swallowing the package. The bomb **EXPLODES**, blowing his head off. Scratchy's party hat lands back on his headless shoulders; then the head lands, impaling itself sideways on the hat's point.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart and Lisa **LAUGH.**

LISA

(COYLY) Bart, does this cartoon remind you of something?

BART

It does bring to mind the classic scalping scene from "Scratchy Goes Apache."

LISA

Bart, let me rephrase the question. Does this birthday-themed cartoon remind you of --

BART

Hey, give it a rest. I'm on top of it. The check is in the mail.

LISA

I don't mean to be a noodge --

BART *

Hey, you want that once a year empty gesture. You got it, sis.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - REC ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Michael takes Homer through a sparsely decorated rec room right out of Cuckoo's Nest: MEN in bathrobes play poker or watch TV; a bearded OLD MAN does a waltz without a partner. They stop at a table where a MAN stares blankly into space.

MICHAEL

Homer, this is Floyd. (WHISPERS) He's an idiot savant. Give him any two numbers and he can multiply them in his head, just like that. (SNAPS FINGERS)

HOMER

(THINKS) Okay. Five times nine.

FLOYD

(BLANKLY) Forty-five.

HOMER

Wowww.

They move to a huge INDIAN who stands motionless in the middle of the room.

MICHAEL

We call this guy the Chief. He's been here since 1968. Never says a word, never moves a muscle.

HOMER

Hey, Chief.

CHIEF

(WAVES) Hello.

Several astonished DOCTORS run up to the Chief with clipboards. They excitedly take notes as the Chief GABS away.

CHIEF (CONT'D) *

Well, it's about time somebody reach

out to me.

Michael and Homer move on. They pass by a table with a phone on it.

HOMER

Hey, does that phone work? Or is it

just a toy to fool the wackos?

MICHAEL

Oh, it works.

CLOSE UP - PHONE

We see a speed dial with listings for "The Larry King Show" "Oprah" "Phil Donahue" and "Geraldo."

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

I gotta call my family.

Homer starts to dial, then hangs up, sadly.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Oh, this is so embarrassing, calling

'em from a nut house. I mean, they

think I'm a god

MICHAEL

I could call them for you.

HOMER *

Oh great! And try to put a good face on this. Tell them this is one of those places where rich women lose weight.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The phone **RINGS** and Bart answers.

BART

(WISEASS) Joe's Crematorium. You kill 'em, we grill 'em.

INTERCUT

MICHAEL

(PUZZLED) Hello. Who's this?

BART

I'm Bart Simpson, who the hell are you?

MICHAEL

I'm Michael Jackson.

BART

The Michael Jackson? No way!

MICHAEL

It's true. I'm with your father, in a mental institution.

BART

(SKEPTICAL) Uh-huh. And is Elvis with you?

MICHAEL

Could be. It's a big hospital.

BART

Come on. If you're really Michael Jackson, who were your last four dates for the Grammys?

MICHAEL

Brooke Shields, Diana Ross, Emmanuel Lewis and Bubbles.

BART *

Ah, everyone knows that. (RAPID FIRE) Where were you born?

MICHAEL *

Gary, Indiana.

BART

What'd you wear on the cover of "Bad"?

MICHAEL

(ANSWERING) A black leather jacket with twenty-nine buckles.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Michael answering a barrage of questions.

MICHAEL

A llama... Tito... No, that was the Osmonds... If you count Japan, fifty million.

HOMER

(PUZZLED) Wha--?

INTERCUT

BART

What did you enjoy more -- acting in The Wiz with Diana Ross or writing We Are The World with Lionel Richie?

MICHAEL

I could never choose between two friends.

BART

Great Caesar's ghost, you are Michael Jackson. Can you stay on the line while I get all my friends and relatives?

MICHAEL

I'm afraid not, Bart. Your father really needs your help. You don't want him to get a lobotomy, do you?

BART'S THOUGHT CLOUD

Bart is playing with a paddleball in the living room. He **BREAKS** a lamp. Bart looks scared as a glassy-eyed, lobotomized Homer shuffles into the room.

HOMER

(FLATLY) That's all right, son.

Homer shuffles out. Bart looks relieved.

BACK TO SCENE

Bart shakes off the dream.

BART

Well, I guess I'm supposed to say "no."
(WRITING IT DOWN) Uh-huh... New Bedlam
Asylum... loves us... needs us... fears
he may never see us again... Got it...
(HANGS UP) Michael Jackson. Whoo-hoo!
I love you, man.

Bart does a little dance as Marge enters, carrying groceries. Birthday favors for Lisa stick out of the bag.

BART (CONT'D)

Hey Mom, Dad's in a mental institution.

Bart hands her the message.

MARGE

Oh my God! Mother was right.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael has just gotten off the phone.

MICHAEL

Now Homer, don't you worry. Your
family's gonna be here before you know
it.

A WISEGUY PATIENT passes by.

WISEGUY

(BRONSON VOICE) Forget it, pal,
there's only one way out of here and it
ain't pretty.

HOMER

What's that?

WISEGUY

Dating a nurse.

Homer **MOANS.**

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marge is going through the phone book as Bart and Lisa look on, concerned.

LISA

Bart, we've always wondered which of us is Dad's favorite. But now I'd have to say, it's the one of us who didn't get him institutionalized.

MARGE

(UPSET) I told you kids you were going to send your father to the crazy house.

BART

No, mom, you said poor house.

MARGE

I said crazy house!

Marge dials the phone.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached the New Bedlam "Wrongly Committed" Hotline. All of our operators are currently busy. Please stay on the line.

MUZAK: "Crazy" by Patsy Cline. **Marge SOBS.**

INT. NEW BEDLAM - HOMER'S CELL - LATE NIGHT

Homer is also **SOBBING.**

MICHAEL

What's wrong, Homer?

HOMER *

This place is so strange, Mike. I'm ashamed to admit it to another guy, but I'm... scared.

MICHAEL

We all get scared once in a while. Maybe I can help you.

Michael **SINGS** Homer a lullaby to the tune of "Ben."

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(SINGING) Homer, the two of us need look no more / We both found what we were looking for / With a friend to call my own / I'll never be alone / And you my friend will see / You've got a friend in me.

Homer, smiling, drifts off to sleep -- then begins **SNORING** loudly. Michael picks up a MONKEY DOLL from his dresser.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(TO DOLL) Bubbles, it's going to be a long night.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NEW BEDLAM - GROUP THERAPY - MORNING

A female DOCTOR is leading the session, attended by Homer, Michael, DAVE, a thirty-ish man in a bathrobe, and SEVERAL OTHERS.

DOCTOR

Please feel free to express yourselves. In these sessions we want you to feel relaxed and uninhibited.

Camera PULLS BACK through a one-way mirror to see the inmates are monitored by SEVERAL DOCTORS with notepads. Several instruments, with charts and needles, are operating in the background.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVE

Okay, So I was working at an insurance company, right? Huh! Youngest VP in the history of the firm. Okay? The job was my life. Then one Monday morning, (CLEARS THROAT) I got up and I couldn't leave the house. I just couldn't.

HOMER

Was the door locked?

DAVE

No, I just couldn't face what was out there.

HOMER

Was it raining?

DOCTOR

No, Homer. Dave suffers from agoraphobia -- a fear of open areas and crowds. Please, Dave, go on.

DAVE

Thank you. Anyway, that day I knew I just couldn't make that long drive to work.

HOMER

Were you out of gas?

INT. NEW BEDLAM - ADMITTING OFFICE - MORNING

Marge is talking to the psychiatrist who admitted Homer.

PSYCHIATRIST

Mrs. Simpson, I'm sorry but your husband suffers from a persecution complex, extreme paranoia, and bladder hostility.

MARGE

Doctor, if you just talked to him for five minutes without mentioning our son, Bart, you'd see how sane he is.

PSYCHIATRIST

You mean there really <u>is</u> a Bart? Good Lord!

INT. NEW BEDLAM - CAFETERIA - MORNING

Homer and Michael are eating breakfast. Homer has a huge stack of pancakes in front of him.

HOMER

Mmm... pancakes.

Homer is about to dig in when the Psychiatrist taps him on the shoulder.

PSYCHIATRIST

Oh, Mr. Simpson, you've got a visitor.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

Homer turns to see Marge standing there.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge!

MARGE

Oh, Homie.

Marge and Homer embrace. She peppers him with KISSES.

PSYCHIATRIST

Mr. Simpson, after talking to your wife, we believe you're no threat to yourself or others.

HOMER

That's the most flattering thing anyone's ever said to me. Could I have it in writing, please?

PSYCHIATRIST

Of course.

The psychiatrist gives him a certificate resembling a diploma, with the words "NOT INSANE" on it in big letters. Michael shakes Homer's hand.

MICHAEL

I'm proud of you, Homer.

HOMER

Thanks a lot, Michael. You really helped me get through this. If you ever find your marbles, come visit us.

MICHAEL

Well, how about today? I'm only here voluntarily.

HOMER

You are? Why?

MICHAEL

Well, back in 1979, I got real depressed when my "Off the Wall" album just got one lousy Grammy nomination.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Lisa and Maggie sit in the kitchen wearing party hats.

LISA

(SINGING, SADLY) Happy birthday to me / Happy birthday to me / Happy birthday, overlooked middle child -- Happy birthday to me.

Lisa chokes back a **SOB**. Maggie blows on a party **HORN**, unfurling the paper end. The phone **RINGS**.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart answers the phone.

BART

Joe's Taxidermy. You snuff 'em, we stuff 'em.

INT. NEW BEDLAM - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is talking on the rec room phone.

INTERCUT

HOMER

(ANGRY) Boy, when I get home, I'm going to wrap my hands around your neck --

An orderly eyes Homer suspiciously.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CHANGING TONE, SWEETLY) -- And smother you with kisses.

BART

Homer, whatever they've got you on, cut the dose.

HOMER

Now listen. I'm bringing Michael Jackson home to stay with us for a few days... (TO MICHAEL, CONDESCENDING) Isn't that cute -- he's heard of you! (TO BART) Now, make sure we have plenty of cold cuts, and put some beer on ice.

MICHAEL

(LEANING IN) Uh Homer, I'm a vegetarian. And I don't drink.

HOMER

(SUSPICIOUS) Are you sure you're here voluntarily?

MICHAEL

Yes. Now Homer, please make sure he doesn't tell anybody I'm coming. I don't want any newspapers there.

HOMER

Don't worry, our trial offer ran out months ago.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

BART

(ON PHONE) Yes Dad, I solemnly swear I will not tell another living soul...

No, not even Milhouse.

Bart hangs up, and for a full beat deals with keeping his word, then dials.

BART (CONT'D)

(ON PHONE) Hello, Milhouse? Can you keep a secret?

INTERCUT

MILHOUSE

(ON PHONE) No.

BART

(ON PHONE) Oh well, who cares.

Michael Jackson is coming to my house!

INT. MILHOUSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MILHOUSE

(ON PHONE) Michael Jackson!

INT. KEARNY'S HOUSE

KEARNY

(ON PHONE) Michael Jackson!

INT. SCHOOL BUS GARAGE

OTTO

(ON PHONE) Michael Jackson!

INT. KRUSTY THE CLOWN'S HOUSE

KRUSTY

(ON PHONE) Aunt Bella! (SMALL BEAT) Wait a minute. I got a call on the other line. (CLICKS PHONE) Michael Jackson!

INT. QUIK-E-MART

CLOSE ON RADIO, then PULL BACK to reveal APU.

BILL (V.O.)

We've just been handed a bulletin from our Rock 'N' Rumor Department.

MARTY (V.O.) *

That's right, Michael Jackson -- the Thriller himself -- is moonwalking his way right here to our very own Springfield!

BILL (V.O.)

And while we go check it out, why don't you enjoy the seldom heard, extra longggg version of "In-a-Gadda-da-Vida."

We hear the opening **CHORDS** of "In-a-Gadda-da-Vida."

APU

Michael Jackson! Oh such a thing happens once in a blue moon. Do I dare to leave my post?

EXT. QUIK-E-MART

There is a sign on the door reading "We Never Close." Apu flips it over to read "Closed for the First Time Ever" and bolts out the door.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Bart is watching TV, when he hears muffled **HELICOPTER NOISE.** Puzzled, he opens the front door.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

BART

Aye carumba!

PULL BACK to reveal EVERYONE in town is gathered on the front lawn, some spilling into the street. FANS hold a banner reading "WE LOVE MICHAEL!" A MAN in a rainbow wig holds a "John 3:16" sign. KENT BROCKMAN is doing a live news report. The state FOOTBALL TEAM, the Capital City Incumbents, is there. A **HELICOPTER** touches down on the lawn: MAYOR DIAMOND JOE QUIMBY gets out and crosses to a podium, as the Springfield High MARCHING BAND **PLAYS** an off-key version of "Beat It."

DIAMOND JOE

This is the most exciting thing to happen to our fair town since the Dalai Lama visited in 1952. And so, I hereby declare that Route 401, currently known as the Dalai Lama Expressway, will henceforth be known as the Michael Jackson Expressway.

There is a **STIR** in the crowd as the Simpson car pulls up. Homer gets out and waves to the crowd.

KENT BROCKMAN

(TO NEWS CAMERA) And here's the father of the family who, it turns out, was just released from a mental hospital.

HOMER

Thanks everybody! It's great to be sane.

A crowd starts **CHANTING** "We want Michael! We want Michael!" Homer's cellmate slips on dark sunglasses and sneaks out of the car unnoticed. Homer points him out to the crowd.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Here he is! Here's the guy you want to see.

"Michael" waves shyly to the crowd. Disappointed at not seeing the real Michael Jackson, they **BOO** and begin to **MUTTER**.

APU

He's three hundred pounds.

WOMAN

He's white.

MOE

He's dressed without flair.

Diamond Joe climbs into his helicopter.

DIAMOND JOE

(TO ASSISTANT) What the hell made me think Michael Jackson would even visit this jerkwater burg?

The **HELICOPTER TAKES OFF**, kicking up dirt and leaves. The crowd starts to disperse. Bart's friends all chew him out.

MILHOUSE

You owe us Michael Jackson.

KEARNY

Don't ever show your face around here again, ya tool.

MARTIN

Bart, do me a favor. I want you to look up this one word. Pariah.

As they leave, Homer approaches.

HOMER

Out of respect for your mother, I won't kill you till she's asleep.

Finally, Bart is alone on the lawn with Lisa. She stares at him with cold fury in her eyes.

LISA

Bart, the entire town is howling for your blood, and before I join them I have one question. Today' is my birthday -- did you get me anything? I'm afraid to ask.

BART

You know, maybe you should trust that instinct and not ask.

LISA *

I thought so. Oh, Bart, you...

She LEAVES, **SOBBING.**

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BATHROOM - A LITTLE LATER

CLOSE UP - HOMER'S HAND

He is at the sink, trying to scrub the "INSANE" stamp off his hand with little success. He **MUTTERS** angrily. PULL BACK to see Michael walking past in the hallway.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa is writing a letter. Michael walks past the open door, but stops short to listen.

LISA

Dear Bart, I am using the stationery Mom and Dad gave me for my birthday to inform you that we are now brother and sister in name only. Perhaps if a professional so advises, I will give you a hug at some far distant family reunion, but rest assured it will be purely for show.

Michael shakes his head and moves on.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart sits moping on his bed, kicking his feet, head in hands.

MICHAEL

Hey, Bart.

BART

Hey... you.

MICHAEL

Bart, when I was a kid, I didn't have much money. So you know what I did when my sisters' birthdays rolled around?

BART

Stiffed 'em?

MICHAEL

No. I wrote them a song. To show that I cared.

BART

I can't write a song. I'm only ten.

MICHAEL

Only ten? When I was your age I had six gold records.

Bart pulls a copy of the "Thriller" album from his bookcase and points to the cover photo.

BART

Hey, Looney Tunes, this is what Michael Jackson looks like. You look like a big fat mental patient.

MICHAEL

You'd be amazed how often I hear that.

BART

Just leave me alone.

MICHAEL *

Look boy, either Michael Jackson is some guy working in a recording studio in LA or he's here with you willing to work on this song. It's your choice. So long.

Michael starts to exit.

BART

Wait, wait, Michael! You go sit at the piano and I'll boil some coffee.

MONTAGE

Bart and Michael work into the night, a la Rodgers and Hammerstein.

1) Michael and Bart sit at the piano.

MICHAEL

Bart, we've got to get to your real feelings about your sister.

BART

I don't have any.

MICHAEL

Well, let's go look at her. Maybe that will help.

3) Bart and Michael sit in the treehouse and spy at Lisa in her bedroom.

MICHAEL

Ah, she looks sad.

BART

That's cause she knows you're looking at her.

LISA

Although I am aware you are looking at me, I would look exactly the same even if you weren't.

4) Michael **PLAYS** an introductory flourish on the piano, then Bart sings from a sheet:

BART

(TO COLONEL BOGEY MARCH) Lisa, her teeth are big and green / Lisa, she smells like gasoline / Lisa, da da da Deesa / She is my sis-ta, her birthday I missed-ta.

MICHAEL

No.

Bart crumples it and throws it into a pile of discarded songs.

5) Later that night. More crumpled up songs lie on the floor. Michael and Bart are at the piano, looking very tired.

MICHAEL

Bart, think. What happens to you when you turn eight?

BART

Well, your training wheels come off your bike.

MICHAEL

Good. That's good. (SINGING AND PLAYING) The training wheels come off your bike / You start to notice boys you like...hee, hee, hee.

Michael **PLAYS** a snatch of the song, then adds a little riff.

BART

You're just putting that in because it's commercial.

Michael looks embarrassed. They exchange a smile. At this moment they join as colleagues. *

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - SUNRISE

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - 6 A.M.

In a parallel to the opening scene, Bart and Michael tiptoe into Lisa's bedroom.

BART/MICHAEL

Lisa... Lisa... Lisa.

LISA

(SLEEPILY) Huh... wha-- Bart, it's six a.m.

BART

Yes, so it's still technically your

birthday in the Philippines. I hope

you like your present. And a-one, and

a-two, and a one, two, three, four --

Michael rolls in the piano and performs a song with Bart. Their **SONG** is a tribute to turning eight. Michael dances; he does a flashy move with his trademark fedora; Bart copies it using his lucky red cap. Marge, Homer and Maggie enter to enjoy the performance.

LISA

(EXCITEDLY) Bart, oh Bart. This is

the best present I ever got.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS *

The PAPERBOY, delivering the Springfield Shopper with the headline, "Michael Jackson Hoax -- Everyone Mad At Local Boy" with a photo of Bart, stops to listen to the song and smiles. Homer proudly holds up his "NOT INSANE" certificate.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Homer is hanging his certificate in the living room. Leon (Michael) walks past with his bags packed. He continues to speak with the baritone voice.

LEON

(BARITONE) Well, my work is done here.

BART

Hey, Michael. What happened to your

voice?

LEON

This is my real voice. My name is Leon Kompowski and I'm a brick layer from Patterson, New Jersey. All my life I was very angry until one day I just talked like this. All of a sudden everybody was smiling at me, and I was only doing good on this earth, so I kept on doing it. To make a tired point. Which one of us is truly crazy?

HOMER

Not me. I got this. (POINTS TO THE CERTIFICATE ON THE WALL)

LEON

Well, take it easy, Homer.

HOMER

Yeah, goodbye pal. Hey, do you miss being that other guy?

LEON

(BARITONE) You know something, Homer, it's not that much different.

Leon walks down the street, singing off key in his baritone voice.